

A Congratulatory

P O E M

ON

The meeting together

OF THE

PARLIAMENT,

According to his

MAJESTIES

Gracious

CONCESSION

The 21th of this instant *October. 1680.*

THe Common-wealth may Represented be,
 By a brave Frigate, sailing on the Sea ;
 The King the Captain is, Who all Commands,
 Who sometimes dares to Steer with his own Hands.
 Else picks some noted Person in his Realm,
 Whom he as Pilot, bids stand at the Helm.

A

The

The Stern that turns the Vast Ship to and fro,
 Doth the Kings Wisdom and his Council Show.
 And that alone the Vast Bulk in its Pride,
 Through dandgerous Seas, & breaking Wave; doth guide,
 The Sails, State-Policies, without whose Aid.
 (Sometimes furl'd up, and sometimes wide displai'd
 To catch each Wind of State) the mighty Ship
 Could not so nimble o're the Billows leap.
 The Waistcloaths, Streamers, Flags and Pendants be
 The Cerimonious Pride of Majesty.
 Without which Grace and Glory she would look;
 Like an huge Leavel's Oak that's Thunder-struck.
 The Guns the Frigots Force, and main Defence,
 Are the Arms, or the Militia of the Prince;
 But the Sheet-Anchor best doth represent,
 Its Safety in Distress, the Parliament.
 Whose Priviledges the great Cable-Rope,
 In Danger is its Holdfast and its Hope.
 Which Anchor is heav'd forth or weigh'd up still,
 At the great Captains pleasure and his Will;
 In choosing Times and Seasons when and where,
 His Wisdom and his Skill does best appear,
 When the Seas Rage, the Waves go Mountains high
 The Winds blow from each Quarter of the Skie,
 The Face of Heav'n obscured with black Clouds,
 And th' horrid Rorm bellowing among the Shrouds;
 When through the Ship a fearful Cry doth sound,
 Out with the Anchor else we all are drown'd;
 Then is the time the Captains Skill is found. }
 The Danger's nigh, each Saylor should submit }
 To the brave Captains Wisdom, Skill and Wit, }
 He to cast Anchor best knows when 'tis fit. }
 Each dangerous Shift he is supposed to know,
 Each Place where hidden Rocks or Quicklands grow.
 He doth the Depths of all Seas wisely sound,
 Considers well the Nature of the Ground,
 Whether 't be Rocky, Sand, or Claye mold,
 And fit for the Sheet-Anchor to take hold;
 Perhaps 'tis Deep, no Bottom to be found,
 Or 'tis too many Fathoms to the Ground:

Perhaps

Perhaps 'tis paved all with Rocks below,
 Into whose Sides the Anchor cannot go.
 Perhaps the Bottom is loose shifting Sand,
 And then the Ship by th' Anchor is trepan'd.
 Whilst it against the furious Tides doth strive,
 The Anchor drags, and then the Ship doth drive.
 Thus by that means, by which they trusted most,
 For Safety, all's in Danger to be lost.
 The Captain wise, not shook with every Fear,
 The Ship doth through the Raging Billows steer;
 Till he doth some convenient Harbour find,
 Safe with fit Bottom, shelter'd from the Wind.
 Where on the Waves she may securely Ride,
 And bravely with her Prow stem the strong Tide;
 Then he Commands the Anchor to be cast,
 Where Sails furl'd up, she safely Rides at last.
 Our Royal Captain after many a storm,
 Having preserv'd the Floating Ship from harm;
 Now knowing that it may Convenient be,
 Bids th' Anchor to be heav'd into the Sea,
 To the great Joy of all the Companie. }
 This is the Day, which like a New Creation,
 Hath been so greatly long'd for by the Nation.
 And now I hope as in a Glorious Day,
 Our Discontents will fly like Mists away;
 For which all Loyal Hearts shoud dayly pray.
 A brisk Gay Joy, in every Face appears,
 And vanished is their Troubles and their Fears;
 The Cloudy Skie, in every Quarter Clears.
 The Seas which 'gainst the Rocks, did foam and beat
 And to the ship did no small danger threat;
 Are now grown Calm, and quietly do flow,
 And with a soft embrace salutes the prow.
 The winds are still, which erst while were so loud,
 That tore the Sails and ratl'd in the Shroud.
 The Sun shines bright and makes a Glorious day,
 And wanton Dolphins round the Frigot play.
 Ruff Boreas who had stir'd up many a Wave,
 King Æolus has thrust into his Cave.

And

And now the Frigor's Riding in the Road,
 Sweet *Zephoras* permits to go abroad.
 Great *Neptune* with his Trident strook the Main,
 And on him strait waited his numerous Train,
 Whom he Commanded by the Ship to stand,
 While our Great Captain did the same Command;
 The C^{ck}. boats Lanch'd, and all things ready be,
 To let the Anchor drop into the Sea
 May't at the Bottom find a proper Mold,
 And whilst the Captain please fast may it hold.
 For good succets, let all to Heaven Cry,
 And let each Saylor now his Business ply.
 Let the brave Frigor be Carined now,
 New Dreft, and paid ev'n from the Stem to Prow;
 That she may in the Port long, long endure,
 And Ages Ride Triumphant and secure.

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